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CRIME

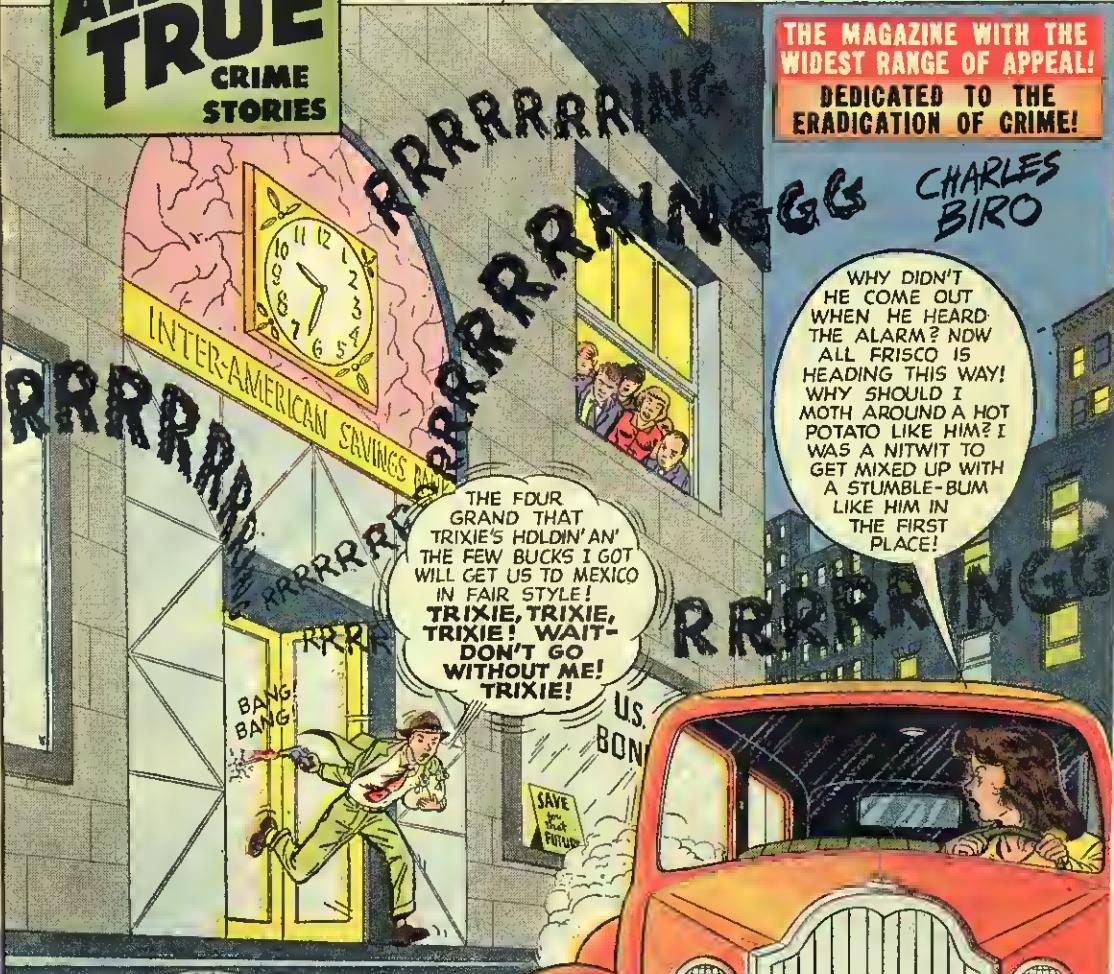
DOES NOT PAY

The ORIGINAL
and BESTI

ALL TRUE
CRIME
STORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL!
DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!



CHARLES
BIRO

WHY DIDN'T
HE COME OUT
WHEN HE HEARD
THE ALARM? NOW
ALL FRISCO IS
HEADING THIS WAY!
WHY SHOULD I
MOTH AROUND A HOT
POTATO LIKE HIM? I
WAS A NITWIT TO
GET MIXED UP WITH
A STUMBLE-BUM
LIKE HIM IN
THE FIRST
PLACE!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



A Message from—



A copy of the fallowing letter was mailed to every writer, artist and contributar to our magazines. We thought that reproducing it here woudl help to better acquaint you with the care and attentian that all material published in our magazines is given.

To all artists, writers and editorial affiliates, these restrictions must be adhered to. The following series of "don'ts" was conceived with the intention of establishing a much needed form of self-imposed censorship. That this is an essential step to further elevate the importance of comic magazines, is unanimously agreed to. Although we have followed most of these directives for many years, this is a more solidified and sterner reiteration.

1. In the illustration of women and girls, regardless of character, no scarcity of clothing will be accepted and no attempt to emphasize sex appeal will be permitted for publication.
2. Stories dealing with sadism or torture of any form or sex-motivated crimes will not be accepted.
3. No strips shall contain either in dialogue or illustration names of known concerns or people, such as names on buildings-and-backgrounds, or attempts at personal humor in lead story characters in CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT of any known person.
4. Law officers, F.B.I. agents, judges and lawyers must be pictured both in appearance and dialogue in a favorable light.
5. Criminals will not be made attractive either in physical appearance or character.
6. All criminal acts or moral violations by characters in stories must be accounted for by legal punishment and the punishment must fit the crime.
7. No relatives of criminals will be referred to in a story unless vital to its structure and, in that case, only in a favorable light. This is in reference to CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.
8. Criminals must not be shown to enjoy a criminal act. This means no laughter or glee during the commission of a crime.
9. Gun molls and female criminals must not be made too attractive. They should, instead, be made typical and as relatively varied in bone structure as the male characters.
10. In the illustration of wounds, they must not be shown open. Blood must not be shown flowing from the face or mouth of a man and no blood to be shown flowing from women.
11. No reference shall be made to characters in regard to race, color or religion.
12. Any political propaganda is definitely out—in other words—no between-the-lines political soap-boxing.

These rules must be adhered to. I cannot stress these points hard enough. Should any of these points need further clarification, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

C. B.

Permission is hereby granted to other comic publishers and editors who may wish to make similar use of this list.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



FELIX SLOPER

HE SAID, "NOBODY AN' NOOTHIN' MAKES TROUBLE LIKE WOMEN", BUT HE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM AND HE COULDN'T LIVE WITH 'EM!

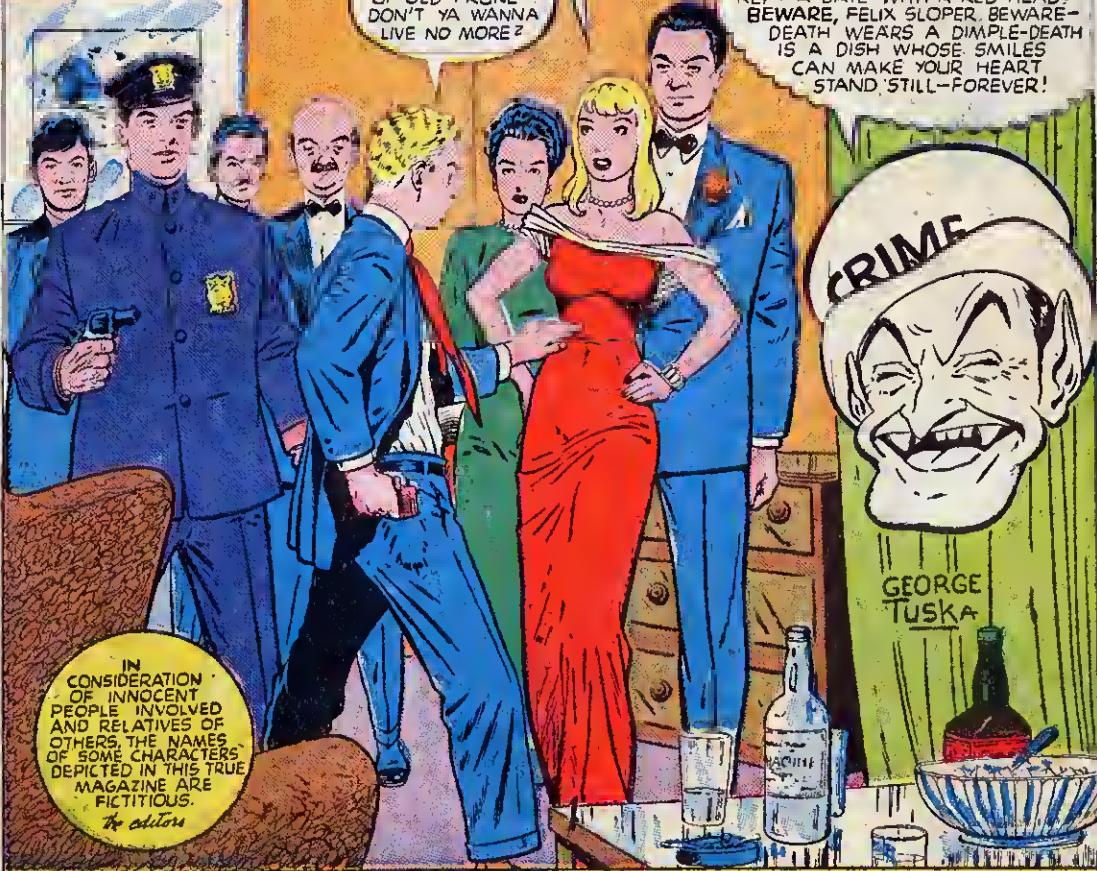
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S GOT AGAINST YOU, MAC, BUT THIS LADY SAYS YOU'RE CARRYING A GUN! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU, BUDDY! RAISE YOUR HANDS AND TURN 'ROUND!

LADY?? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! SHE'S A COXX!! LIAR! SHE'S JUST TRYIN' TD GET ME IN TROUBLE! I GAVE HER THE BRUSH OFF. AN' SHE CAN'T TAKE IT!

LIAR, AM I? JUST LOOK IN HIS HIP-POCKET—YOU'LL FIND A .32 AUTOMATIC, LIKE I TOLD YOU!

WHAT'SA MATTER, YA DRIED UP OLD PRUNE—DON'T YA WANNA LIVE NO MORE?

IF YOU ASK ME, NOBODY AND NOTHING MAKES TROUBLE LIKE WOMEN—THAT IS, FOR BOYS IN MY PROFESSION! EVER SINCE EVE, THEY'VE BEEN TURNING MAN'S PARADISE INTO CHAOS WITH THEIR BEWITCHING BEAUTY, THEIR VENOMOUS VENGEFULNESS! A SMART OPERATOR NEEDS A DAME LIKE HE NEEDS A HOLE IN THE HEAD! DONT' BILLY THE KID KICK IN THE DUST BECAUSE OF A DARK-EYEYO SENORITA? DIDN'T DILLINGER BLEED HIS LIFE OUT IN A CHICAGO ALLEY, BECAUSE HE KEPT A DATE WITH A RED-HEAD? BEWARE, FELIX SLOPER, BEWARE—DEATH WEARS A DIMPLE—DEATH IS A DISH WHOSE SMILES CAN MAKE YOUR HEART STAND STILL—FOREVER!



IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTIONAL.

To editors

WILL FELIX SLOPER, CRIMINAL, HEED THE WISDOM-WORN VOICE OF MR. CRIME? WILL HE ESCAPE THE PITFALL OF A WOMAN'S KISS—OR WILL HE PERISH IN THE PERFUME OF HER POISONOUS CHARMS? SLOPER'S LIFE-AND-DEATH DECISION IS THE HEART-THUMPING, FIST-SMASHING TALE OF "THE GIRL-CRAZY, GUNMAN"!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU KNOW HOW YOU SOMETIMES LOOK AT AN ACORN AND MARVEL AT THE OAK TREE IT WILL SOME DAY BECOME? WELL, THAT'S HOW I FELT ABOUT FELIX SLOPER—BY THE TIME HE WAS THIRTEEN—in 1910—in SAN FRANCISCO, FELIX HAD COMMITTED THREE GENUINE ROBBERIES!



NONE OF THOSE SNATCH-PURSE, SHOP-LIFTING, NURSERY SCHOOL THINGS! HIS WAS FULL-BLOWN STUFF-BACKED UP BY A KNIFE, OR A PIECE OF PLUMBING!

DON'T LIE, LADY—I SEEN YOU CHANGE A BIG BILL IN THE GROCERY STORE! COME ACROSS, OR YOU'LL SPEND IT ON DOCTOR BILLS!

N...NO! HELP, HELP, POLICE!



WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT? IF YOU THINK MORE OF YER LOUSY DOUGH THAN YER GOOD HEALTH, YOU GOT IT COMIN' TO YA!

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! HEL...



YES, EVEN THEN, BACK IN HIS ACORN DAYS, WOMEN WERE GIVING FELIX TROUBLE!

GRACIOUS! IT CAME FROM MRS. GROGAN'S ACROSS THE ALLEY!

GET THE POLICE—THERE'S SOMEONE IN HER APARTMENT!

DARN THE OLD FOOLS! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO LOOK FOR THE MONEY!



STOP HIM! HE JUST RAN OUT OF MRS. GROGAN'S APARTMENT! I SAW HIM!

OUCH!! FOUR FLIGHTS TO GO, BUT I'LL FIGHT MY WAY DOWN!



ONLY WINGS COULD HAVE SAVED FELIX THAT DAY! HE GOT AS FAR AS THE THIRD LANDING—THEN HE WAS STOPPED! NOW IF HE'D HAD A GLIN-BUT HO-HUM AND ALAS, HE DIDN'T!



IF IT'S HEADS YOU WANT BROKEN... YOU MEAN LITTLE HOODLUM!

YER GOOSE IS COOKED, YA RASCAL, AN' I OUGHTA KNOW—MANY'S THE TIME I'VE TAKEN THAT TON OF IRON ON MY CROCK FROM HER!



VERY NEAT, MRS. TUMEY! YOU NEVER GAVE YOUR HUSBAND A BETTER WHACK! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS YOUNG SCALLYWAG FOR WEEKS! HOW'S MRS. GROGAN?



SHE'S STILL BLEEDIN' ABOUT THE EARS, CLANCY! WE'LL BEST CALL AN AMBULANCE!

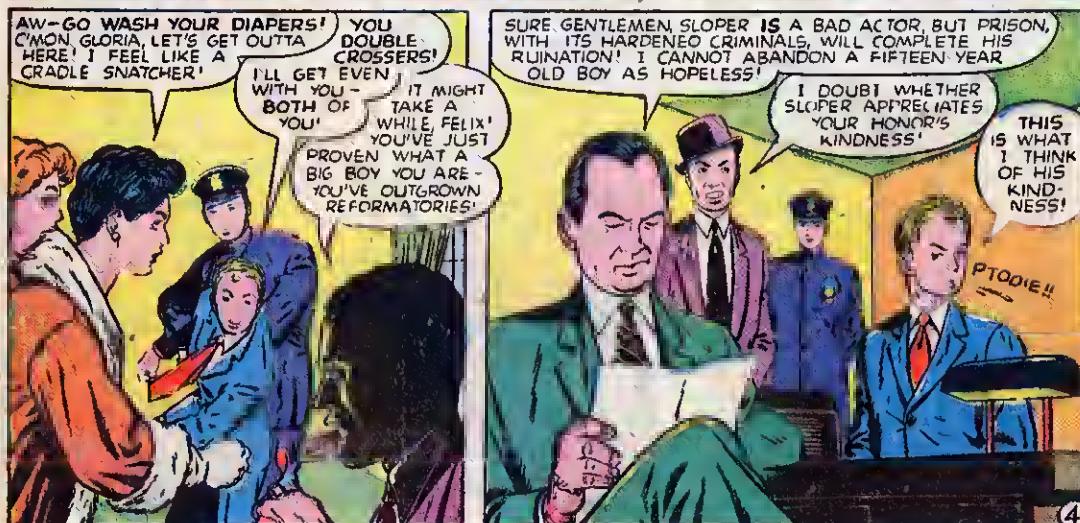
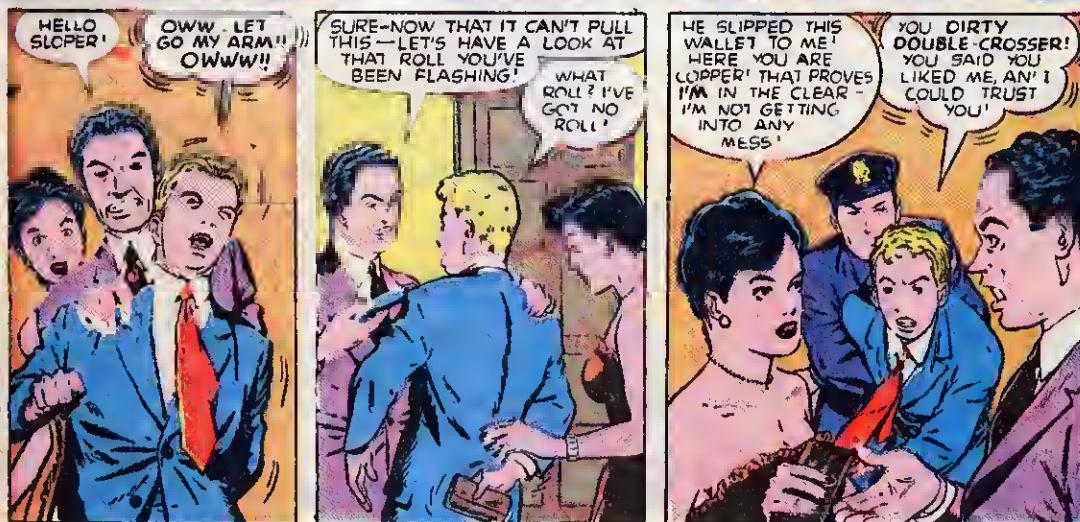


IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF SHE DON'T DIE—POOR SOUL!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHAT KINDNESS?
STICKIN' ME IN WITH
A BUNCH OF BABIES!
I'LL BREAK OUT—I'LL
BUST EVERY LAW
IN THAT CRUMMY
KINDERGARTEN!

YOUR HONOR, I'VE
SEEN THIS KID'S
TYPE—HE'S BAD,
ALL BAD! HE'S
GOING TO RUIN THE
OTHER KIDS THERE!
PRISON IS THE
ONLY PLACE FOR
HIM—PLEASE
RECONSIDER,
JUDGE!

NO,
LIEUTENANT—
BAD AS HE IS,
WE OWE HIM ONE
LAST CHANCE TO
REFORM!

FROM THE DAY HE ARRIVED, OCTOBER 2ND, 1912, FELIX LED
THOSE REFORMATORY SAINTS A MERRY CHASE! HO, HO,
WHAT HE DIDN'T DO—WHAT A GENIUS FOR SABOTAGE—
WATCH THE WAY HE WENT TO TOWN!

HE STARTED
BY BREAKING
WINDOWS AND
FURNITURE...

THEN A FEW
GAS
EXPLOSIONS!

HE WAS
GOOD AT
STARTING CLEVER
LITTLE FIRES IN
CLOSETS AND
BATHROOMS!

AN UNPRECEDENTED EPIDEMIC OF DISCONTENT
AFFLICTED THE STUDENTS! EACH DAY ENDED
WITH A NEAR RIOT!

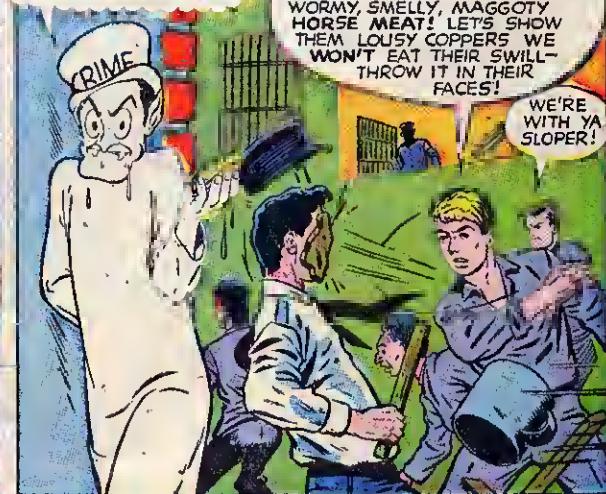
BREAK
IT UP,
SLOPER!!
OOOF!!

TURN
ON THAT
HOSE!!

IN THE MESS HALL THERE
WERE FREE FOR ALLS!

YOU ALL KNOW WHAT THIS
GARBAGE IS? IT'S HORSE MEAT—
WORMY, SMELLY, MAGGOTY
HORSE MEAT! LET'S SHOW
THEM LOUSY COPPERS WE
WON'T EAT THEIR SWILL—
THROW IT IN THEIR
FACES!

WE'RE
WITH YA
SLOPER!



WHO DID YOU
THINK IT WAS?
OF COURSE, IT'S
SLOPER! THE TWO
WEEK SOLITARY YOU
GAVE HIM FOR
PUNCHING HIS
ENGLISH TEACHER
DIDN'T DO ANY
GOOD!

SO I SEE—BRING
HIM TO ME
WHEN YOU'VE
GOTTEN THIS
RIOT UNDER
CONTROL!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME
TRYING TO MAKE US SEND YOU TO
PRISON, BUT YOU'RE GOING
TO STAY HERE TILL 1918,
AND EVERY MINUTE OF IT,
IF NEED BE, IN SOLITARY—
UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW
TO BE A HUMAN
BEING!

YOU'RE
GONA PAY
FOR THIS, I
SWEAR!

LET'S GO,
SLOPER—
TAKE IT
OUT IN
SHADOW-
BOXING!

THEY WANT TO SMASH YOUR WILL—
BREAK YOUR NERVE! OUT-FOX THEM
FELIX—CHANGE TACTICS—PRETEND,
ACT, MAKE 'EM THINK IT'S SAFE
TO TRUST YOU—THEN MAKE
SUCKERS OUT OF 'EM! IN
MY RACKET YOU GOTTA
PLAY POSSUM
SOMETIMES!

WHEN
I BUST OUT
OF THIS
MATCH BOX,
I'M GONA
SQUARE UP A
LOT OF OLD
DEBTS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THIS BOOK WAS SWELL, BEN! CAN I READ ANOTHER ONE TONIGHT?

SURE, HELP YOURSELF, FELIX! HEY, YOU'RE NOT SICK, ARE YOU? I MEAN, YOU'RE READING BOOKS IS LIKE A LEOPARD CHANGING ITS SPOTS!

SLOPER HAS CHANGED, SIR! TAKING AWAY HIS PRIVILEGES HAS MADE HIM SEE THINGS STRAIGHT! HE'S COOPERATIVE, STUDIOS AND POLITE! I THINK HE'S A SAFE BET FROM NOW ON!

SLOPER'S SUGGESTION OF HOLDING AN EASTER PAGEANT IS A FINE ONE! WE CAN REHEARSE IN THE AUDITORIUM AFTER DINNER! IN THE MEANTIME, BRUSH UP THOSE WEAK SPOTS IN YOUR SCRIPT, FELIX!



YOU TWO GUYS BEEN BEATIN' YOUR GUMS! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FLY THIS COOP? WELL, I'M GIVIN' YA YOUR CHANCE! WE'RE GOIN' TO REHEARSE OURSELVES RIGHT OUTTA THIS DUMP!

HOT DIGGETTY!
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT JUST TALKIN' THROUGH YOUR HAT!

WAIT A MINUTE!
HOW DO YOU GET PAST THE WALLS?

THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, LOUIE! YOU GOT A SISTER—I SEEN HER LAST MONTH, WHEN SHE CAME TO VISIT YOU! IF SHE GETS A CAR OUTSIDE THAT WALL AT THE RIGHT TIME, EVERYTHING'S ON ICE!

OKAY, FELIX, I'LL WRITE TO GRACE, BUT I'M NOT GUARANTEEING ANYTHING!

HEY, LOULIE,
BLACK SHEEP,
C'MERE!

IT'S OKAY, LOUIE—THE SCREWS ARE OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM! WELL, WHAT DID YOUR SISTER SAY?

WE'RE ALL SET—SHE'LL BE OUTSIDE THE WALL AT NINE O'CLOCK, THE NIGHT OF MARCH 13TH!



FIVE TO NINE—that's our cue! You guys take the dear professor—I'll get the door master!



OKAY,
HOLD
ON TO MY
SHOULDER!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I SING FOR A LIVING! I'M BOOKED IN EVERY SECOND CLASS NIGHT SPOT ON THE COAST! YOU'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL PLENTY TO KEEP UP WITH ME! WHAT DD YOU DO?

BABY, HERE'S MY MAGIC CARPET!

TEN LITTLE FINGERS
TEN LITTLE TOES!

TACOMA

THAT'S IT, BUDDY—HAND IT OVER—ALL OF IT!

SAN DIEGO

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT, CECILIA?

SACRAMENTO

DINAH, SWEET AS APPLE ACIDER...

YOU KNOW, I BEEN THINKIN'—IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE WE MET! YOU'RE GOIN' PLACES' SINGIN' AN' I'M MAKIN' A NICE PILE! HOW ABOUT US GETTIN' RITCHED?

LET'S NOT RUSH THINGS, FELIX!

OF COURSE NOT, GRACIE! YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT BIG SHOT FENCE AT THE RING-SIDE TABLE! HE'S GOT MORE DOUGH THAN FELIX!

I HAD A HARD TIME CATCHING YOUR EYE, BEAUTIFUL! HOW'D YOU GET RID OF HIM THIS TIME, GRACIE?

I TOLD HIM THAT I'D MEET HIM LATER AT A PARTY HE'S GOING TO, BUT THINGS CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS—YOU'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET RID OF HIM STEVE! HE'S GETTING ON MY NERVES!

I'VE GOT A PLAN WHICH DEALS WITH THE PAROLE REGULATIONS! MEANWHILE, HERE'S A LITTLE TRIFLE THAT CAME MY WAY TODAY—ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A FENCE, MY DEAR! IT'S YOURS, BUT DON'T WEAR IT TO NO POLICEMEN'S BALL!

A DIAMOND BRACELET! OH, STEVE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

AND TO THINK THAT MY LITTLE SAP, FELIX, OFFERED HER MARRIAGE! HA, HA, HA!

CRIME

BUT FELIX'S SUSPICIONS WOULDN'T BE AROUSED! HE WAS TOO VAIN TO THINK THAT A GAL COULD GIVE HIM THE AIR FOR ANYBODY!

I TAKE IT YOU'RE FELIX—I'M INEZ! I DANCE AT GRACIE'S NIGHT SPOT! SHE HAS A SLIGHT HEADACHE, AND ASKED ME TO ENTERTAIN YOU UNTIL SHE GETS HERE!

SURE THING, BABY—YOU CAN SUB FOR ANY DAME, ANY TIME!

PRETEND YOU'RE DOING THIS OUT OF JEALOUSY! IT'LL CONFUSE HIS EMOTIONS!

THERE'S YOUR MAN, OFFICER—HE'S FELIX SLOPER, EX-CONVICT, AND THE DIRTY TWO-TIMER'S CARRYING A GUN WITHOUT A LICENSE!

HEY! WHAT KINDA FRAME IS THIS?

ME, A TWO-TIMER? YOU'RE CRAZY—WHERE YOU BEEN? I THOUGHT YOU HAD A HEADACHE!

STOP ALIBIING, YOU CHEAT! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD NOW!

FREEZE WHERE YOU ARE!

GET YOUR HANDS UP, SLOPER!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BY THE TIME HE LEFT THE STONE WALLS OF STIR, THAT WAS IN SEPTEMBER, 1924, FELIX HAD GROWN EQUALLY THICK WALLS AROUND HIS HEART, WHICH NO FEMALE BOMBHELL COULD PENETRATE! I SAW THE DAWN OF AN IMPORTANT CAREER FOR A NEW FELIX!



FOR THREE MONTHS FELIX PULLED JOBS WITH MACHINE GUN RAPIDITY—NOTHING SPECTACULAR, BUT FELIX WAS DEFINITELY HITTING THE HIGHER NOTES!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I WAS SO COMPLETELY STUNNED BY WHAT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT EARLY IN DECEMBER, I ALMOST DROPPED DEAD FROM SURPRISE! IT STARTED OUT AS ONE OF FELIX'S ROUTINE HEISTS!

THAT'S MY HUNDRED BUCKS YOU TOOK FROM HIM! I INTENDED TO ROLL THIS GOB MYSELF! THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS SPLIT THE TAKE FIFTY-FIFTY!

MY SWEETIE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH—DOES THIS MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE MY SWEETIE?

YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE! WHY DON'T YOU DIG UP YOUR OWN WORMS?

SHUT UP, SISTER! I HATE DAMES WORSE THAN POISON!

W. WHAT? YOU WERE ONLY AFTER MY DOUGH? WHY, YOU...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, YOU JUST WANNA SAVE YOUR SWEETIE HALF HIS PAY!



NOW HOW ABOUT THAT SPLIT?

HEY, STEP OVER HERE—HMM... YOU LOOK A LOT DIFFERENT IN THE LIGHT! WHAT D'YA SAY WE DISCUSS THIS OVER A COUPLE OF BEERS! HOW'S ABOUT IT?

HERE'S THE FIFTY—THIS COULD HAPPEN EVERY DAY, IF WE WORKED TOGETHER! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GROW ATTACHED TO ME?

I GET ATTACHED TO MONEY! IF THE GUY IS THE STRING THE PURSE IS ATTACHED TO, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!

BUT THE GUY I COULD REALLY GO FOR HAS TO BE ABLE TO SNUGGLE UP TO MORE IMPORTANT MONEY—BANK MONEY-AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!

WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF INSPIRATION, I COULD CLEAN OUT THE MINT! I WAS PLANNIN' ON A BANK JOB! I HAD IT ALL SET, BUT ALL I NEEDED WAS A CHAUFFEUR!



I CAN DRIVE! WHERE'S THIS BANK? I BELIEVE IN DOING A THING WHILE IT'S HOT! HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR ARTILLERY?

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT—YOUR VANITY HAS COOKED YOUR GOOSE!

LUCK WAS WITH FELIX IN CLOVIS, CALIFORNIA, ON THAT FEBRUARY MORNING IN 1925—THAT IS, HE ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE!

GET ALL THAT LOOSE DOUGH OUT, OR THIS BIG BACK GETS IT!

DON'T DO IT, MR. CONNORS—HE'S BLUFFING! HE WON'T SHOOT!

I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE BILL! WE'RE INSURED, ANYWAY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW I'M GETTING MORE ATTACHED TO YOU, FELIX—NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND—SAY, THAT'S NOT BAD! NOW WE CAN START LIVING RIGHT! GIVE YOUR PARTNER A BIG KISS!

SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS A SMALL-TIMER, EH, TRIKIE? I TOLD YOU STICK-UPS WAS ONLY MY FILL-IN STUFF! BANKS ARE MY REAL MEAT, BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU GOTTA KNOW, BABY, AN' MAKE WHAT I TELL YA STICK—DON'T CROSS ME!

IF I DID, IT WOULD BE LIKE DOUBLE-CROSSING MYSELF! WHAT A SAP I'D BE!

MAYBE I'M WRONG ABOUT THIS DAME BEING A JINK!

IT'S A CINCH HE WAS NEW AT THE BANK GAME! HE LEFT HIS PAW PRINTS ALL OVER THIS SERVICE TABLE!

HE WAS STANDING THERE FOR A WHILE, PRETENDING TO BE MAKING OUT A DEPOSIT SLIP! THEN HE SHOVED HIS GUN IN MY BACK!

IF THE GUY HAS A RECORD, HE'S A DEAD DUCK! WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

"THEY FOUND A RECORD, ALL RIGHT! IN A MATTER OF DAYS, FELIX SLOPER'S MUG WAS GLARING FROM EVERY NEWSPAPER AND POST OFFICE IN CALIFORNIA!"

SLOPER IS FIVE FEET EIGHT INCHES...WEIGHT 160...BLOND HAIR...

WHAT YOU NEED TO HIDE IN, MISTER OSTRICH, IS A BUCKET OF SAND—AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SMART OPERATOR!

STOP RIDIN' ME. WILL YA, TRIKIE? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO FRISCO! I'LL GET LOST EASY IN THAT BIG TOWN, SO STOP FLAPPIN' YOUR JAW!

WHAT GOOD IS YOUR MONEY IN THIS CRUMBY HIDEOUT? GET WISE TO YOURSELF—YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A DECENT MEAL IN WEEKS! WHAT A STUMBLE-BUM I TIED UP WITH!

WHAT DO YA WANT ME TO DO—SURRENDER TO THE NEAREST COPE? I PULLED THAT CLOVIS JOB FOR YOU—THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS STOP NEEDLING ME!

FELIX SLOPER HUNT STILL ON!

I CAN'T LIVE LIKE A RAT IN A HOLE—I'M YOUNG! I NEED A GOOD TIME! EITHER I GET IT, OR I WALK OUT ON YOU—THAT'S HOW IT IS! I START THINKING, BIG SHOT, BECAUSE AFTER TONIGHT, I'M FREE LANCING!

FOR TWO CENTS I'D SAY GO TO, HEY!

LOOK AT THIS AD, TRIKIE, IT'S ALL ABOUT MEXICO CITY! WE'D BE SAFE OVER THE BORDER, IF I PULLED ONE MORE BIG JOB IN FRISCO! WE COULD LIVE LIKE KINGS THERE, UNTIL THINGS BLOW OVER!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING—LET'S GET OUT AND LOOK THINGS OVER!

THAT'S IT, THEN—A SMALL BRANCH BANK WILL BE EASY! I'LL GO IN EARLY TOMORROW MORNING! YOU WAIT IN THE CAR WITH

THE MOTOR RUNNING! GET ROLLING AS SOON AS I RUSH OUT! I'LL JUMP ON THE RUNNIN' BOARD WHILE YOU'RE MOVING!

I HAD YOU ALL WRONG, FELIX! I APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SO UNSYMPATHETIC—NOW GIVE ME A NICE, BIG KISS TO SHOW THAT YOU'RE NOT SURE AT ME!

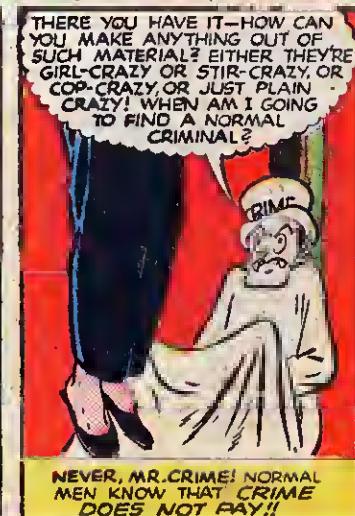
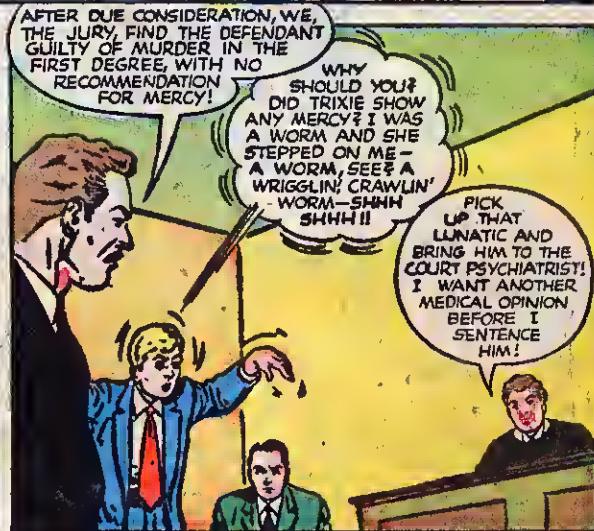
TRAVEL

BANK

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE LEVEL

by C.H. MOORE

HOLD THE PHONE!

THREE ARMED BANDITS HELD UP A GAS STATION

IN Rahway, N.J.

THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER WAS OFF THE HOOK AND THE OPERATOR HEARD THE BANDITS SAY "STICK 'EM UP!"

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR NOTIFIED THE POLICE AND THEY GREETED THE BANDITS AS THEY WALKED OUT OF THE GAS STATION!

BANDIT'S
SILENCE

SERVICE STATION



THIS GUN TAKES THE CAKE!

A FRENCH CONVICT ESCAPED FROM PRISON BY USING A GUN MADE FROM CAKE CRUMBS!

HE MADE A PASTE OF THE CRUMBS AND MOULDED THEM INTO THE SHAPE OF A GUN!

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

A CHARLES LITTLE

ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE KANSAS POLICE

BECAUSE HE HAD GREEN HAIR!

QUESTIONED ABOUT IT - HE CONFESSED THAT HE HAD DESERTED THE U.S. NAVY AND HAD BLEACHED HIS HAIR TO CHANGE HIS LOOKS - IT TURNED GREEN!



SNEEZELESS SOAP POWDER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARREST OF EMANUEL CLIFTON, WHO ATTEMPTED TO ROB A WAREHOUSE IN Washington, D.C. - THE BURGLAR ALARM SOUNDED AND HE HID BEHIND SOME BOXES OF SNEEZELESS SOAP POWDER - HE SNEEZED AND WAS CAPTURED!



MRS. RUTH MCBRIDE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SURPRISED THE THIEF WHO TRIED TO SNATCH HER PURSE - SHE CHASED AND CAUGHT HIM IN AN ALLEY AND GAVE HIM A BEATING!

C.H. MOORE



SAFES AND THEIR LOCK MECHANISMS ARE NOT PATENTED BECAUSE THE PLANS OF A PATENT ARE PUBLIC PROPERTY AND CAN BE SEEN BY ANY CITIZEN!

- IT WOULD BE TOO HELPFUL FOR CROOKS



A BEGGER IN NEW YORK CITY PRETENDED TO BE DEAF - EVERY ATTEMPT OF THE POLICE TO PROVE THAT HE COULD HEAR FAILED, UNTIL ONE EXPERT

TAPPED A CLUB ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE BEGGER - THE MAN DIDN'T MOVE, WHICH WAS PROOF THAT HE COULD HEAR!

A DEAF PERSON WOULD HAVE FELT THE VIBRATION AND TURNED ABOUT

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

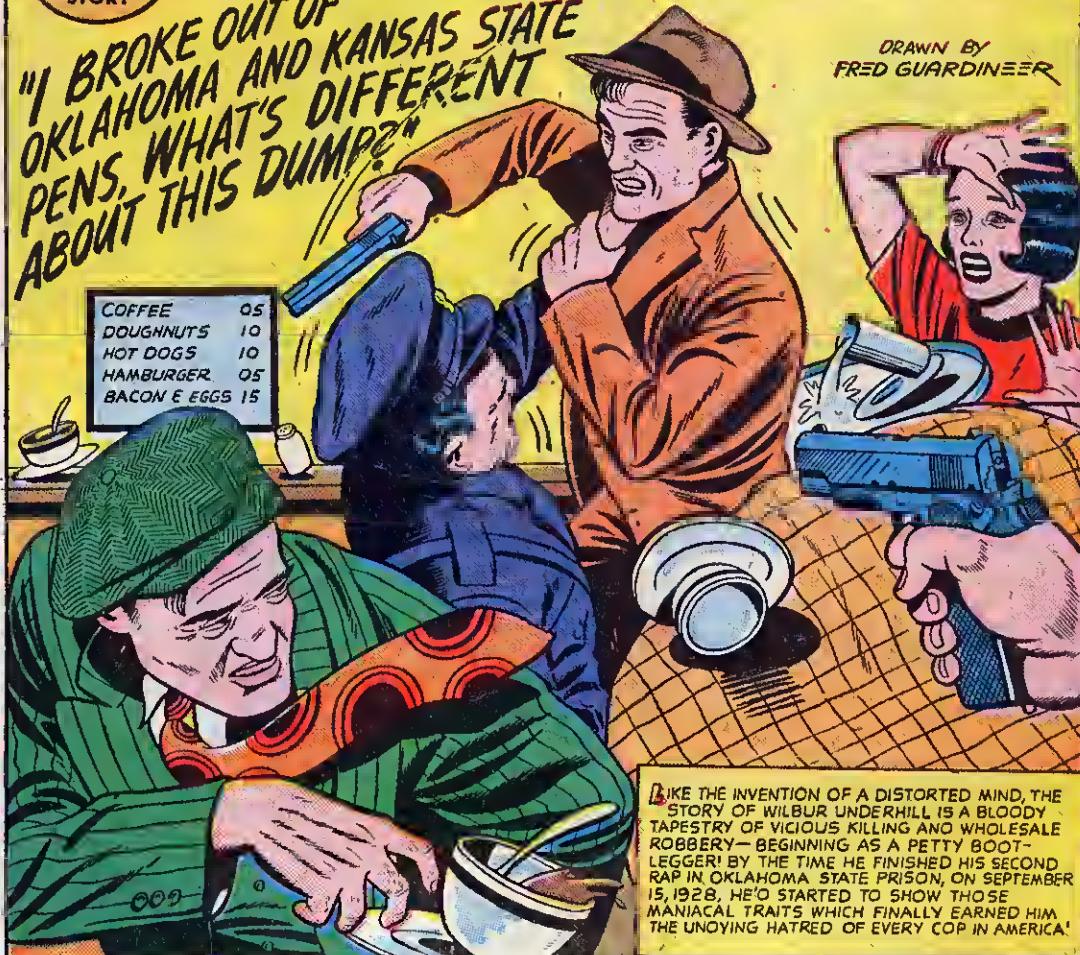


WILBUR UNDERHILL

"I BROKE OUT OF
OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS STATE
PENS, WHAT'S DIFFERENT
ABOUT THIS DUMP?"

DRAWN BY
FRED GUARDNEER

COFFEE .05
DOUGHNUTS 10
HOT DOGS 10
HAMBURGER .05
BACON & EGGS 15



LIKE THE INVENTION OF A DISTORTED MIND, THE STORY OF WILBUR UNDERHILL IS A BLOODY TAPESTRY OF VIOUS KILLING AND WHOLESALE ROBBERY— BEGINNING AS A PETTY BOOTLEGGER! BY THE TIME HE FINISHED HIS SECOND RAP IN OKLAHOMA STATE PRISON, ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1928, HE'S STARTED TO SHOW THOSE MANIACAL TRAITS WHICH FINALLY EARNED HIM THE UNYOKING HATRED OF EVERY COP IN AMERICA!

IN JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM NOW, YOURS TRULY WILL WALK OUT OF HERE RIGHT INTO BIG TIME! NO MORE TWO-BIT JOBS FOR ME! I'M IN THE MONEY!

YEAH? AIN'T YOU FLYIN' A BIT HIGH, WILBUR?

YOU SAID IT! STRICTLY IN THE STRATOSPHERE WHERE DOUGH'S CONCERNED I GOT WORD FROM THE KIMES BROTHERS THAT THEY CAN USE A GUY LIKE ME! THEM BABIES HAVE HELD UP MORE BANKS THAN YOU GOT YEARS IN YOUR SENTENCE!

NO WONDER YOU'RE SMILIN' - YOU'LL BE TRAVELING IN FAST COMPANY BUT GIVE YOURSELF TIME TO THINK IT OVER, PAL! BANKS AINT NOTHING TO PLAY AROUND WITH! I FOUND THAT OUT!

ALL RIGHT, UNDERHILL, SHOW US WHAT YOU BEEN LEARNIN' FROM OUR OTHER JOBS! NO BANG BANG STUFF HERE—LAY OFF!

YEAH, JOE, I KNOW! YOU GIVE ME THE SAME SONG AND DANCE AT EVERY JOB!

CLAYNESVILLE CITY BANK

1928 OCT 17

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

REACH, EVERYBODY! DO LIKE WE TELL YOU TO AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT! YOU- TELL YOUR CLERK TO PASS THE DOUGH OUT OF THAT CAGE!

YOU'RE VERY FOOLISH TO TRY THIS-

YOU HEARD ME, CHUM! LET'S HAVE IT! YOU WANT TO LIVE, DON'T YOU?

WHAT'RE YOU ARGUING WITH HIM FOR? BLAST HIM! HE'LL KNOW WE AINT KIDDING!



WILTON! GIVE THEM THE MONEY! WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

WILTON AIN'T LISTENING! WILTON'S CATCHING FLIES! WILTON NEEDS A SHOT IN THE ARM, THAT'S WHAT!

YOU *G!!?? UNDERHILL! YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID! NO SHOOTING!

I GOT THE DOUGH! C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



YOU KNEW I DIDN'T WANT ANY SHOOTING! BUT YOU KINOA GET A LOSS OF MEMORY ONCE THERE'S A GUN IN YOUR HAND, DON'T YOU? I DON'T LIKE THAT, WILBUR- FOR TWO REASONS- ONE, I'M NOT STRETCHING MY NECK FOR NO HANGMAN-TWO, I DON'T LIKE A GUY THAT DON'T OBEY ORDERS!

AW, HE GOT ME MAD! KNOCK ONE OF THEM OFF AND THEY KNOW YOU AINT FOOLING! THEM GUYS THOUGHT WE WAS PLAYING.

THERE'S YOUR SPLIT, PALLY! NOW GET ON YOUR WAY! A GUY LIKE YOU IS TOO DANGEROUS IN THIS BUSINESS!

YEAH, WE AIN'T AIMIN' TO COLLECT ANY OF YOUR MURDER RAPS! YOU GOT THE ITCH OF A KILLER! WELL, WE AIN'T SCRATCHIN' THAT ITCH, UNDERHILL- GO SOME PLACE ELSE TO DO YOUR BEAN SHOOTIN'!

AIN'T YOU GUYS BEING A LITTLE HASTY?

WE SHOULD HAVE SPOTTED YOU SOONER, WILBUR! IT'D JUST BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE'D GET IT IN THE BACK! THERE'S YOUR MONEY ON THE TABLE! PICK IT UP AND GET OUT! THANK YOUR STARS WE OIINT PAY YOU OFF IN SLUGS!

YOU AIN'T KIDDING ANYBODY, KIMES! YOU'RE TOO DIRTY, SCARED TO SHOOT! IT TAKES GUTS TO KILL- SOMETHING YOU AINT GOT- SURE, I'LL BLOW-I'LL BE GLAD TO! YOU POKES WERE WEIGHING ME DOWN! I'LL DO BETTER ALONE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

UNDERHILL, GIVE UP! YOU CAN SEE YOU DON'T HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED OF GETTIN' AWAY FROM US!

YOU KEEP TALKIN' SHERIFF, I'LL KEEP SHOOTIN'!



NO MORE BANG!! AMMUNITION! WHY DIDN'T I THINK TO LOAD MY POCKETS BEFORE I STARTED OUT? HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, FATHEAD!

UNDERHILL'S RUN OUT OF BULLETS! HE'LL MAKE A RUSH FOR IT, BOYS! BE READY!



LET ME GO!
LET ME GO!
NO TWO-BIT
OKLAHOMA
HICK IS
GOING TO
TAKE ME!

OH, NO! WE GOT YOU AND WE'RE GOING TO KEEP YOU FOR LIFE! WE HICKS TAKE MURDER PRETTY SERIOUSLY! YOU CAN USE YOUR LIFE-TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHY!



IF I COULD MAKE THAT RIVER WITHOUT A SLUG THROUGH ME, I COULD GET OUT OF THIS RATHOLE FOR GOOD!

HEY,
UNDERHILL,
QUIT
STALLING!
LEAN ON
THAT SHOVEL!



I'LL LEAN ON IT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL LEAN IT RIGHT ON YOUR HEAD!

OOH, MY STOMACH!
OH, GUARD, GUARD!
I CAN'T STAND IT -
THE PAIN'S TERRIBLE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ANYWAY, UNDERHILL? IF YOU'RE TRYING TO GET OUT OF YOUR SHARE OF WORK...



UGH!

HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, FROGFACE!



WHO?! HE RUNS LIKE A JACK-RABBIT!

IF WE DON'T NAIL HIM BEFORE HE REACHES THE RIVER, WE MIGHT LOSE OUR STAR BOARDER!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW LET THEM CATCH ME, THE DIRTY SCREWS! I HOPE THEY GET CANNED FOR THIS!

CAN'T ANYBODY STOP HIM?

BANG!

WISH I'D SWIPE BETTER DUOS! STILL, THEY'RE BETTER THAN THEM CHAIN GANG STRIPES! WE'RE COMING INTO WICHITA! I CAN LOSE MYSELF EASY IN A BURG THIS SIZE! THINK: I'LL STICK AROUND, ROUND UP A FEW BUCKS FOR A GUN, AND SOCKO, I'M OPEN FOR BUSINESS!

THIS IS THE SOFTEST BURG I EVER OPERATED IN—FIVE STRAIGHT HEISTS—AN' NO OPPONENT! WHERE'S WICHITA BEEN ALL MY LIFE? I COULD GET AROUND FASTER IN A CAR—THAT'S MY NEXT STEP!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TALK UP PAIGE - YOU KNOW WHERE UNDERHILL WAS HEADED! WE DON'T HAVE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THIS STATE, BUT WE CAN, AND WE WILL LOCK YOU IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT UNTIL YOU ROT! MEN WERE KILLED IN THIS BREAK!

OKAY - IT'S UNDERHILL'S LIFE OR MINE! HE AND THE BOYS SAID THEY'D HOLE UP AT SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA!

SURROUND THE HOUSE COMPLETELY! WE WANT HIM DEAD OR ALIVE! FIRE AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES! WE'LL GIVE UNDERHILL A NEW YEAR'S EVE TO REMEMBER!

ALL RIGHT, UNDERHILL! COME OUT, OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT!

THERE YOU GO, COP-PERS, BRAGGING AGAIN! I'LL KNOCK YOU SAPS OFF LIKE YOU WERE WOODOO INDIANS! TOMORROW BEING NEW YEARS - I'M CELEBRATING WITH A BANG!



I'D SWEAR WE GOT A DOZEN SLUGS IN HIM! THAT GUY MUST HAVE MORE LIVES THAN A CAT!

WE COULDN'T HAVE MISSED. HE WAS TOO CLOSE! HE WON'T GET FAR! YOU MEN STAY AN' FINISH UP HERE! I'LL GO AFTER UNDERHILL!

THERE HE GOES! WHAT'S HE THINK HE'S DOIN'?

G-GOTTA REST! GASP! CAN'T SEE BLOOD'S IN MY EYES - GASP!

DEAD AS A DOORNAIL EH? I KNEW WE HIT HIM! THAT RAT'S NEST HAVE BEEN TAKEN! THEY'RE ALL NUTS TO THINK THEY CAN WIN!

YEAH, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO LEARN! THEY HAVE TO DIE AND HAVE IT POUNDED INTO THEIR HEADS WITH HOT LEAD - THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

THE END

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$2⁰⁰

Dear Reader:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

My friend's father is a deputy sheriff and we have seen some of the prisoners he brought to jail. There is a big stack of CRIME DOES NOT PAY books in the sheriff's office for the inmates to read. I believe these magazines help keep the men on the right road after they have paid their debt to society.

Sincerely, Richard McIntyre

719 East Third Avenue, Flint 4, Michigan

That sheriff has the interest of the community at heart. The supply of CRIME DOES NOT PAY is way below the demand. Nevertheless, we wish every jail, reform school, and prison in the country would make use of its tremendous corrective force.

My initials are L. P. D. and I'm serving time in the Louisiana Training Institute. My Dad sent me some CRIME DOES NOT PAY magazines and I decided to play it smart and go straight as soon as I get out. Thanks for your helpful magazine.

Don't send me any money if I win. I just want to encourage other boys to lead the clean and straight life that I so foolishly passed by.

Yours truly, L. P. D.
Monroe, Louisiana

See what we mean? (You will receive subscriptions to our magazines instead.)

Jim and I have been married for two years. During this time, we have really had to struggle to live in this expensive world. At times I thought about making a little 'easy money', but then I started reading CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Due to this great publication, I kept on the right track, and now we have a nice home and a beautiful baby girl. I want to convey my deepest gratitude to the editors of CRIME DOES NOT PAY for contributing to my happiness.

Thank you, Mrs. James Rogers
General Delivery, Pioneer, California

Any accelerated effort of our staff and CRIME

DOES NOT PAY's subsequent rise in quality is inspired by letters such as yours.

I was reading a comic book in study hall, which is not permitted, when a teacher caught me. When he saw the name of the magazine I was reading, he let me finish it, because he enjoys it himself. Of course, it was CRIME DOES NOT PAY. You see, we kids are not the only ones who read it. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I wish it would be printed every week.

Thanks, Thomas Heisey
186 North Main St., Marheim, Pa.

For reasons beyond our control, we can't grant your wish completely, but if you will watch the newsstands, you will find our new publication called CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. It is, we think, a worthy running-mate to CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Pen-pals in Norway, Italy, and England have asked me to write to you and congratulate you on your fine work in showing today's youth the difference between right and wrong. I send my brother's comic books to them, and they are really appreciated. There's no need telling you which three of all the comics are liked best, for they are top favorites with everyone for their frank stories and well-drawn and easily understood pictures.

Keep up the good work and you'll have worldwide followers.

Yours truly, Nick J. Pathiakio
29 Burmah St., Mattapan Sq., Boston, Mass.

We hope that some day within our lifetimes there will be no more need for pen-pals—that a trip across an ocean will be no more of an effort than a short ride on a bus, and that national boundaries will be something used only by surveyors for the sale of real estate. The town, the county, the borough, the city, the state, and the country work in harmony—the next step is the world.

Good luck to your pen-pals.

Please try to limit your letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to CRIME DOES NOT PAY, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, New York.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



PAUL CHRETIEN FATHER OF MURDERERS

WITH MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS, THIS CRIMINAL WOULD HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD, AND THE STREETS OF FRANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE TO WALK-INSTEAD OF THE TERROR THEY WERE FOR FOUR GENERATIONS!



ROY
S.
BELFI

THIS HEART-PULSING SAGA BEGINS IN CLERMONT, FRANCE, ABOUT 1825! IT IS A TRUE STORY, THOUGH AT TIMES YOU MAY QUESTION ITS CREDITABILITY!

AT LAST IT'S GOOD RIDDANCE TO THAT DEVIL, MANPEL! HE BURNED FIFTY PEOPLE TO DEATH IN HIS TIME! FRANCE IS FORTUNATE TO BE FREE OF HIS REIGN OF TERROR!

YAAAA!

OUI! IF THERE'S ONE HEAD I LIKE TO SEE DROP INTO THAT BASKET-IT'S THE HEAD OF A BLOODY INCENDIARY! AND MANPEL'S THE LIKES OF WHICH I'VE NEVER SEEN!

LISTEN TO THEM GLOAT - THE DEVILS - WHILE MY POOR FATHER LIES HEADLESS ON THE BLOCK!

LOWER YOUR VOICE, MADELINE: YOU MIGHT BE OVERHEARD: WE WILL HAVE OUR REVENGE, IF IT TAKES THE LAST OF OUR GENERATION!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IF YOU LOVE THE MEMORY OF YOUR FATHER, MARRY ME! WE SHALL RAISE A FAMILY OF SUCH MURDEROUS ROGUES THAT THE WORLD WILL SHUDDER AT THE MENTION OF THEIR NAMES!

I'M FOND OF YOU, PAUL! YOU DO REMIND ME A LOT OF MY FATHER—THOUGH YOU HAVEN'T KILLED AS MANY MEN AS HE—NOR WILL YOU EVER BE AS CUNNING!

I DON'T MEAN TO TAKE AWAY FROM HIS GREATNESS, BUT HE LOST HIS HEAD, DIDN'T HE? DO YOU CALL THAT CUNNING? I AM YOUNGER; GIVE ME TIME, MADELEINE! I'M BUT 25 AND ALREADY I HAVE KILLED MORE THAN A DOZEN MEN! TWO SCORE MORE HAVE I MAIMED FOR LIFE! WHAT OTHER BACHELOR THERE IN CLERMONT CAN SAY THE SAME?

I AGREE, PAUL! YOU ARE QUITE A CATCH!

YOU'RE QUITE A GAL YOURSELF, MADELEINE! MANY'S THE TIME YOUR FATHER TOLD ME OF THE NEAT WAY YOU CAN SLIP A DAGGER TWIXT THE RIBS OF A RICH SUITOR, WHO'S ENAMOURED WITH YOU!

CURSE THEM ALL—I WANT ONLY THEIR GOLD! YES—WE WON'T STARVE, WE TWO...NOT AS LONG AS WE HAVE OUR STRENGTH TO DRIVE A DAGGER, OR FIRE A PISTOL!



PAUL! LOOK! ON HER FINGER! HOW ABOUT THAT ONE FOR MY WEDDING RING!

NO MADELEINE! IT'S SCARCELY ONE CARAT! MY BRIDE SHALL HAVE NOTHING BUT THE BEST! I THINK I SEE THE STONE FOR YOU... COME, WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM OUTSIDE!

THE WOMAN IS YOURS, MADELEINE! STRIKE SWIFTLY, LIKE A CAT!



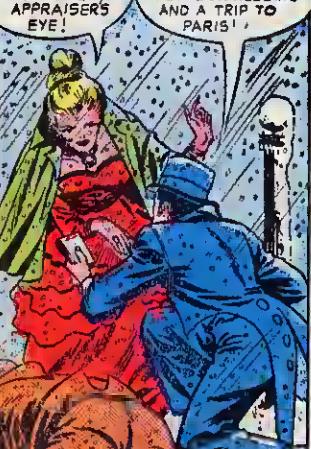
J-JEAN! J-JEAN... YI!!!
COVER HER MOUTH, MADELEINE, OR SHE'LL BRING EVERY GENDARME IN CLERMONT TO THIS STREET CORNER!



NOTICE HOW I COVER THE NOSTRILS, TOO! SEE—THE CRY IS STIFLED IN THE THROAT! YOUR FATHER—REST HIS SOUL—TAUGHT ME THIS TRICK! TECHNIQUE... THAT'S ALL YOU LACK, MADELEINE!

OMHHH! IT FITS ME FINE, PAUL! AS IF IT WAS MADE FOR ME! YOU HAVE AN APPRAISERS EYE!

SPEAKING OF EYES, ROLL YOURS OVER THIS WAD! A THOUSAND FRANCS FOR OUR WEDDING AND A TRIP TO PARIS!



IT'S A BOY, PAUL! HE'S YOUR SPITTING IMAGE! LET'S CALL HIM JEAN, AFTER THE MAN WHO MADE OUR HONEYMOON POSSIBLE! REMEMBER?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT ALAS-FATE DECREED OTHERWISE!
JEAN WAS BUT FOUR YEARS OLD, WHEN...



YOU ARE NINE NOW,
JEAN! OLD ENOUGH
TO LEARN HOW TO
CUT A THROAT, SO
STAND ASIDE AND
WATCH YOUR
MOTHER!



AVAST THERE,
WENCH! COME
HELP SPEND A
SAILORS PAY!
YOU CAN
DRINK 'TIL
THE BEER
RUNS OUT
OF YOUR
EYES!



L-LET'S GO WALK ON THE
BOULEVARD, BABEE...SHIC & MAR
AN' YOU...SHIC! LET'S SHINO
LA MARSHEILLAISE...SHIC
D'LA P-PARIEEE ...



MARCHE ON,
MARCHE ON,
SHAY, WHY
DON'SHIC YOU SHING,
SH? WHY?
SHIC?

WOULD YOU
RATHER SING
OR STEAL A
KISS IN THAT
DARK DOOR-
WAY, EH,
HANDSOME?



ARE YOU WATCH-
ING, JEAN? I DRIVE
THE KNIFE IN WHEN
HE EMBRACES ME!
OF COURSE YOU
WILL HAVE WOMEN
TO EMBRACE
WHEN YOU
GROW UP!



WHERE DO
YOU THINK
PIETRO
COULD
HAVE
GONE?

DID YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM
THAT SOUNDED LIKE HIM!
MAYBE HE'S IN TROUBLE—
COME ON!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AS THE YEARS PASSED, JEAN'S THREE SONS BECAME FATHERS—
JEAN NOW HAD FOUR GRANDSONS!



THIS PHOTOGRAPH! IT WARMS
MY HEART! JUST THINK, OUR
SMALL ARMY OF CRIME RESISTING
THE LURE OF HONESTY, FIGHTING
AGAINST PERILOUS ODDS AND
EMERGING VICTORIOUS AGAINST
A UNIVERSE OF STUPID,
LAW-ABIDING MEN!

ENOUGH ORATOR! WE HAVE
WORK TO DO!
THAT CARD
PARTY WON'T
LAST FOREVER!
COME!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW LET US MOURN OUR DEAR GRANDFATHER, JEAN, AND OUR FATHERS, PIERRE, THOMAS AND JEAN BAPTISTE! WE WILL GROW UP TO BE WORTHY OF THEM!

CURSE THE POLICE, WE SHALL GET REVENGE! EH BOYS?

THAT WE WILL DO!

WE FOUR ARE ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE FAMILY - THE FAMOUS NAME OF CHRETIEN! WE MUST ALL GET MARRIED AND RAISE MANY SONS! IT IS UP TO US TO PERPETUATE THE NAME!

YOU, BAPTISTE, ARE THE STRONGEST AND THE MOST VICIOUS! YOU MUST LEAD THE WAY!

NO! WE SHOULD WORK SEPARATELY! OUR FATHERS AND UNCLE'S WORKED TOGETHER, AND WHERE DID IT GET THEM?

INSPECTOR! DO YOU KNOW WHOM YOU SHOT? NONE OTHER THAN THOMAS CHRETIEN! HOW DID YOU EVER GET YOUR SIGHTS ON HIM?

I SPENT WEEKS WALKING THE STREETS, WAITING TO BE LURED INTO A TRAP BY ONE OF THEM! WHEN HE APPROACHED ME, I WAS READY! DUR INDEH! NOT DONE! THERE ARE THREE COUSINS LEFT - ALL KILLERS!

MARTIN KILLED HIS WIFE FOR THE SAME REASON HIS GRANDFATHER, JEAN, KILLED HIS GRANDMOTHER - INSURANCE!

YOUR GAMES UP, MARTIN - YOUR WIFE DIDN'T DISAPPEAR! WE FOUND HER BURIED HERE - UNDER THESE FEMALE'S CELLAR - A PLUMBER SMELLED AT LEAST MY SON, MARTIN JR. WILL CARRY ON MY NAME!

SO-EVEN IN DEATH THESE BETRAY YOU. AT LEAST MY SON, MARTIN JR. WILL CARRY ON MY NAME!

IN THE NEXT GENERATION, MARTIN JR. CARRIED ON HIS EVIL FATHER'S NAME - TO DEVILS ISLAND, WHERE HE DIED SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL.

WE'RE THE ONLY CLEVER WING IN THIS FAMILY! FIFTEEN YEARS OF MURDER AND WE'RE STILL FREE LIKE THE WIND!

STOP BOASTING, RAOUL! WE GOT THAT OLD MISER TO KILL IN HALF AN HOUR!

IF FATHER AND MOTHER ONLY KNEW THAT MISER THEY WENT TO KILL WAS A POLICE INSPECTOR IN DISGUISE! THEY WERE CARELESS AND STUPID - BUT NOT US!

WE SHALL BENEFIT FROM THEIR MISTAKE! NOW ONLY SEVEN OF US ARE LEFT! WE ARE THE FOURTH GENERATION! WE MUST OUTDO ALL THE OTHERS!

THE NEW CROP OF CHRETIENS CARRIED ON FOR YEARS! ALMOST DAILY, BLOOD FLOWED IN THE STREETS OF CLERMONT...

YIUII!

AHHH!!

... AND ON THE GUILLOTINES OF CLERMONT

YIUII!

AHHH!

UNTIL ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF FOUR GENERATIONS OF CHRETIENS WERE EIGHTEEN TOMBSTONES IN A CLERMONT GRAVEYARD, FOR BY THIS TIME THE FRENCH POLICE WERE ACQUIRING THE MOST SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF THAT DAY! AND THE CHRETIENS WERE SOME OF THE EARLIEST SUBJECTS OF THEIR EFFECTIVENESS!

... AND ONE ON DEVILS ISLAND!

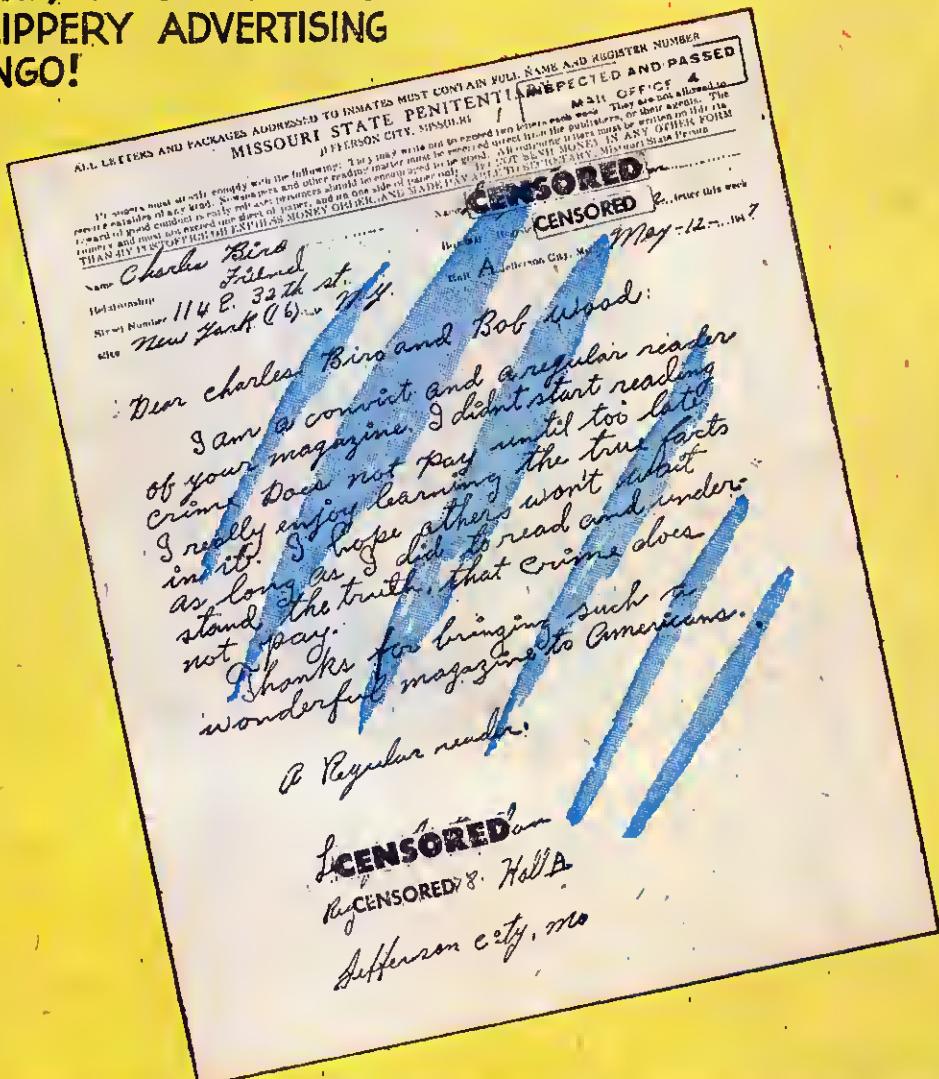
MARTIN CHRETIEN

TO THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THIS IS OUR TESTIMONY!

**WE DON'T HAVE TO
BLOW OFF A LOT OF
BUNK, IN SLEEK AND
SLIPPERY ADVERTISING
LINGO!**



THIS ACTUALLY REPRODUCED LETTER, WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF HUNDREDS LIKE IT, DOES MORE TO BOOST THE FAME OF "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" THAN ALL THE ADJECTIVES IN WEBSTER'S BIG BOOK!



A LESSON IN MURDER

ONE hundred police working on a case can make a thousand mistakes before they strike on the right solution, but the criminal, working against these hundred police cannot afford to make a single error. He has to be right EVERY time. What chance, then, has the criminal? He has NO chance at all. It is utterly futile for him to try to commit the perfect crime. Poor misguided egotists, with their twisted brains! Why can't they learn before it is too late?

Emile Lamont, although he was a bit slow of wit, nevertheless was a good father to his large brood. Farming in the province of Ontario, Canada, was hard work with little return, in 1930, but somehow Emile was able to keep body and soul together. Now Anton, one of his sons, was going to work, too, and that would ease part of the burden. It was good to have friends like Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier, who had secured the work for the boy.

"He will go to meet Josef Arment, who cuts ice in the winter," said Valadin. "Next month Josef will be making up his crew, and we have arranged that Anton will be one of the first to be hired."

Emile wiped away a tear of gratitude with his gnarled

fist. "Ah, merci, merci, mes amis!" said Emile, with a strange catch in his voice. "Thank you, my friends!"

"It is nothing to do for an old friend," replied Gaston Fournier with feeling. "The truth is, we feel we have not



'done quite enough for you."

"Eh?" said Emile, puzzled. "Mon Dieu, what do you mean?"

"We have been thinking," put in Jean Valadin, "that there is danger in cutting ice. Suppose something should happen to Anton? An accident, perhaps?"

Emile shook his head profoundly. "Danger," he said slowly. "Yes, there is always danger."

"But with insurance," said Fournier excitedly, "you would be repaid for possible loss. For a little over sixty dollars, you would receive

five thousand dollars in protection against Anton's death! Ten thousand dollars should the boy die by accident!"

Emile shook his head. "Such sums are not for me to consider, good friends. Sixty dollars I have not even owned at one time in my whole life!"

The other two smiled confidently. "Leave that to us, Friend Emile. We shall make a business deal. We shall put up the money for the insurance. Then, if anything should happen, God forbid, we shall split the money between us! That will ease your mind, so you will not think we are offering charity."

Emile smiled. Such friends as this were rare indeed.

Indeed they were!

Such a feeling of friendship had these two for their old companion of many years that they purchased insurance on the life of Anton. And it was an act of Providence that they should have been so foresighted. For that October, when Anton stood at the dock's edge waiting for the arrival of Josef Arment, his body suddenly lurched forward and plunged into the already icy waters.

Of course, a body does not merely lurch forward of its own accord. It has to jump, or slip, or be pushed,

But as there were no witnesses, who could say that they so much as had seen Anton plunge into the river, it could but be assumed that the boy might have been drinking and had fallen into his watery grave. An accident beyond a doubt. Ten thousand dollars was paid by the insurance company to the stricken father. Grief stricken though he was, the good Emile was grateful that his two friends, Gaston and Jean, had had the thoughtfulness to purchase the insurance. He forthwith drew eight thousand of the ten thousand dollars from his bank account and gave half to each of his good friends, keeping two thousand dollars for himself. That had been in accordance with the terms of the agreement.

It is a strange truth that the more a man has the more he wants. Before collecting the four thousand dollars each had received from Emile, Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier would have said that four thousand dollars apiece would last them a lifetime. Yet, here, a year and a half after the death of Anton Lamont,

these two were running out of money again. There had been the purchase of a new car by Fournier, payment of debts by Valadin. New clothes and new luxuries all around.



"There is a young laborer working for Jon Dufault," said Gaston. "We could cultivate his friendship and soon bring about another accident. The boy's name is Paul Giroux."

"Eh, bien," Jean Valadin replied, "it is worth looking into."

Paul Giroux was a poor, but friendly lad. He had had a hard life, but he was a good son and a hard worker. Valadin and Fournier did not have much trouble weaving their way into the boy's confidence and into his heart. They treated the lad

to a few trips into the city; they loaned him money when he was short. They even reminded him of the fact that he might even make some extra money by working for them. Not hard work, such as he was doing for Jon Dufault. Simple, easy work, like cleaning up the stables and so on.

Paul was delighted. It gave him a chance at extra money, without tiring himself. "I am certainly thankful for you two friends," he said. "You are like relatives. I would like to call you my uncles."

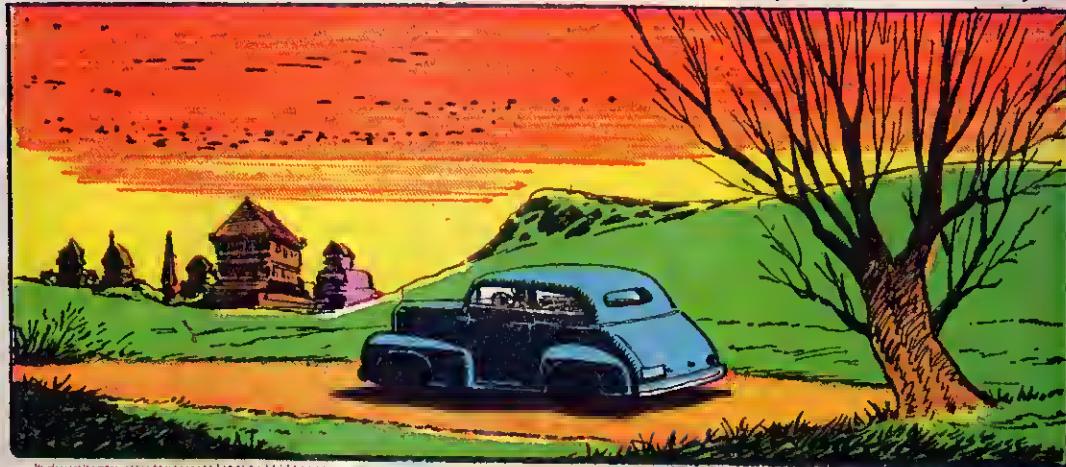
Gaston nodded. "It would be an honor for you to do so, Paul. And speaking of favors, perhaps you would do one for Jean and me."

"Just name it," said Paul.

"Well," began Gaston, speaking slowly, "of course, while the work you do for us is easy, there is a certain amount of risk, . . . danger of being kicked by a horse, while you clean the stalls, for instance."

Paul shrugged. "Not very likely, of course, but it has happened."

"And if it should happen to you, Paul, could not your



family sue us for your injuries?"

"A likely thing," replied Paul, "after all you have done."

"Or Jon Dufault?" asked Jean Valadin.

Paul nodded. "I suppose that might happen. Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

And so Paul became insured against accidental death and thereby signed his own death warrant. He was working with the horses in the barn of Jean Valadin, when suddenly a horse bolted. Paul looked up, frightened, for certainly he had done nothing to anger the horse. What he did see was enough to send chills of fear running down his spine. A pitchfork in the hands of Jean Valadin was being stuck into the horse's flank.

Paul gasped and tried to ease himself out of the stall, but as he did so, the pitchfork prongs struck him in the face. He doubled over in pain and then the angered horse, once more jabbed with

death under a ton of horse-flesh.

Jean Valadin was beside himself with remorse, when



he related the horrible accident to the boy's parents. He was also beside himself with remorse when Sergeant Thomas Foley of the Provincial Police stopped by to ask about Paul's death. Sergeant Foley was not investigating the death of the boy. He had no reason to believe it was not an accident. He merely was a friend of the family and a friend of Jean Valadin's. But he was a very intelligent police officer. He did not like the sound of Valadin's wailing. It did not ring true.

And so, casually, he went behind the house to the barn and looked at the horse. It was a tame creature, not at all the kind of animal that, unmolested, would hoof a boy to death. These things worried Sergeant Foley. He called in Inspector Adam Walton of the Criminal Investigation Department. Unknown to either Valadin or Fournier, the remains of Paul Giroux were exhumed and the corpse inspected by

Dr. D. F. Underhill.

The hoof marks showed up, all right, but so did the marks of the pitchfork. Then further investigation revealed the insurance payment for the death of Anton Lamont, and another policy on record showed up on the life of Paul. In each case Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier were the beneficiaries. Then, later the pitchfork was found and the blood on it was that of both horse and boy. Science cannot be fooled about blood.

Yes, it was a simple error of judgment that Jean Valadin made, that of being oversorry. And a criminal must be right EVERY time. That simple little error eventually wove a noose about his neck and that of Gaston Fournier, for a year later both men were hanged for their crimes.

What lesson can be learned from the simple mistake that Valadin made? That, too, is a simple lesson, summed up in four words: CRIME DOES NOT PAY.



the sharp prongs of the pitchfork, kicked Paul in the stomach. The boy went down, and was trampled to



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BENNY MICKSON

THE POETIC BANK-ROBBER AND HIS
GUN-TOTING WIFE, MARY



THE FIRST INDICATION THAT 17-YEAR-OLD BENNY MICKSON WAS HEADED FOR A LIFE OF CRIME WAS HIS HI-JACKING OF A TAXI IN TOPEKA, KANSAS!

BUT-BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE,
JUDGE! MY SON-A COMMON CRIMINAL! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE - WHY, HE'S AN HONOR STUDENT-

I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR MICKSON!
THE EVIDENCE IS QUITE CONCLUSIVE!
I MUST SENTENCE YOUR BOY TO TWO YEARS IN REFORM SCHOOL!

AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, DAD!
IT WON'T BE SO BAD!
I'LL BE OUT IN NO TIME, AND THEN
I'LL SHOW THE WORLD A THING OR TWO!

MY BOY! MY BOY!
WHAT MADE YOU DO SUCH A TERRIBLE THING?
WHERE HAVE I FAILED YOU?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVENTEEN MONTHS LATER, IN STOTESBURY, MISSOURI, BENNY MICKSON KEPT HIS WORD!

STOP THAT MAN!
HE ROBBED THE BANK!

HELP,
POLICE!

BANG!

BANG!

HA! HA! CHILD'S PLAY! I SAID I'D SHOW THE WORLD! I GUESS I CAN STOP FOR A SWIM AND COOL OFF! THE POLICE ARE SUCH FOOLS THEY WOULD NEVER THINK A GUY WOULD TAKE TIME OUT FROM SCRAMMING TO COOL OFF!

THE TROUBLE WITH MOST CROOKS IS THEY'RE DUMB! YOU GOT TO BE SMARTER THAN THE COPS! AND WHAT COP HAS THE I.Q. I HAVE? WHAT'S THAT?

WHAM

SO YOU GUYS DO
THINK A LITTLE
AFTER ALL!

WATCH OUT!
HE'S PULLING
A GUN!

LET ME TAME
HIM DOWN!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN!
BUT I LEARN SOMETHING
EVERY DAY! NEXT TIME
I'LL KNOW BETTER-

NEXT TIME, IS IT! THE NEXT TIME
WILL BE QUITE A WHILE FROM NOW--
AFTER THE JUDGE GETS THROUGH
WITH YA, SONNY!

22-26

TEN YEARS!

BANG

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I CUT TEN YEARS OF LIVING DEATH TO SEVEN, WITH GODD BEHAVIOR, BUT IT'S STILL A LOT OF LIVING TO MAKE UP! I TALKED THE OLD MAN INTO TAKING ME BACK AND GIVING ME ANOTHER CHANCE! BOY, DO I KNOW HOW TO SOFT-SOAP HIM! HELLO— THERE'S A CUTE OISH! I NEVER NOTICED HER AROUND HERE BEFORE!



PARDON ME, MISS! I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU—I THINK YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! I'D LIKE TO WRITE A POEM ABOUT YOU!

YOU WOULD? GEE! ARE YOU A POET? WHO ARE YOU?



MY NAME IS MICKSON! MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS FOR YOU? I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR FAMILY AND GET THEIR PERMISSION TO TAKE YOU TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT—THAT IS, IF YOU'D GO WITH ME!

WHY-WHY, I GUESS SO!



A SHORT TIME LATER—

GOODNESS, MARY BLACK IS ONLY SIXTEEN! IT'S A SCANDAL—HER GOING TO MARRY A MAN SO MUCH OLDER! WHY, SHE'S JUST A CHILD!



THAT MR. MICKSON MUST BE ALMOST THIRTY—WHAT COULD HER PARENTS BE THINKING OF— ALLOWING THEM TO WED THIS SATURDAY AND EVEN GIVING THEM THEIR LODGE AT THE LAKE FOR A HONEYMOON!

THIS IS THE LIFE, MARY—JUST YOU AND ME, AWAY FROM EVERYBODY'S SNOOPING! EVER TRY YOUR HAND AT SHOOTING?

W-WH-Y, YES—
A LITTLE, BUT
ONLY WITH
BLANKS!



AFTER THREE DAYS OF LEARNING, HONEY, YOU'RE TERRIFIC! NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO WITH A REAL TARGET!

I REALLY AM IMPROVING, AREN'T I, BENNY?



BANG! HOW'S THAT, BENNY? NINETEEN BULLSEYE'S OUT OF TWENTY!

HONEY, YOU'RE SENSATIONAL! I'M PROUD OF YOU! NOW LISTEN—I HAD A REASON FOR TEACHING YOU HOW TO BE A SHARP-SHOOTER!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE REASON BECAME QUITE APPARENT A FEW DAYS LATER IN ELKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, PLEASE! THIS IS A HOLDUP! AND REMEMBER THAT THE YOUNG LADY IS A CRACK SHOT, AND SO AM I!

THANK YOU! AND NOW WILL YOU OPEN THE VAULT, PLEASE?

BUT THE TIME LOCK DOESN'T OPEN FOR A HALF HOUR YET!



WHY, THE BRASS OF THOSE TWO! THEY ROB THE BANK, KIDNAP US AND THEN SHOWER US WITH APOLOGIES!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

KANSAS!

I'M GLAD
WE'RE HIDING OUT HERE
FOR AWHILE! IT'LL GIVE
YOU TIME TO WORK ON
SOME POETRY! OH-
BENNY, LOOK!

COPS! LET'S GO, KID! I'LL
TAKE THE CAR AND THEY'LL
FOLLOW ME, BUT I'LL LOSE
'EM! MEET ME AT STEUBEN'S
CROSSROADS LATER!

THERE THEY
GO! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!

WE'LL NEVER GET
THEM THIS WAY!
START AFTER
THEM!

BANG!
BANG!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE OF 'EM!
WE'LL NEVER
CATCH HIM,
HE'S GOT
TOO BIG
A START!

RADIO
AN ALARM
TO ALL,
STATES!

BENNY! I
WAS AFRAID
THEY'D
CAUGHT
YOU!

YOU SHOULD KNOW
ME BETTER THAN
THAT, MARY! I HAD
TO DITCH THE CAR,
THOUGH! HERE COMES
ONE WE CAN USE!
GO DO YOUR
STUFF!

HELLO,
YOUNG LADY!
WANT A
LIFT?



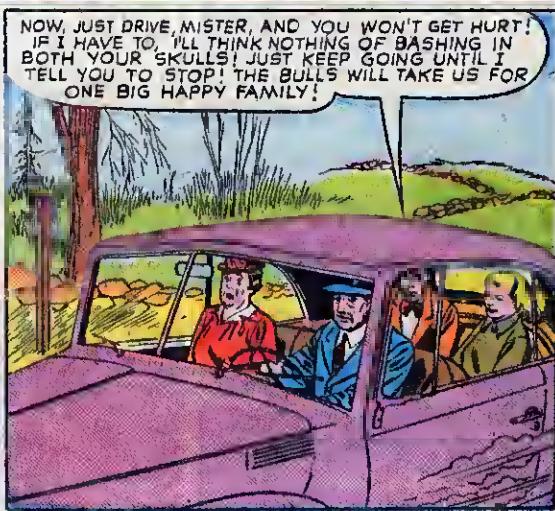
THANKS FOR STOPPING, MISTER, AND THANKS FOR YOUR DOUGH!
I DON'T THINK YOU'D ENJOY RIDING WITH BOTH OF US, SO
SUPPOSE YOU GET OUT! OH, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR
CAR! THE POLICE WILL BRING IT BACK TO YOU SOON! WE
DON'T RIDE LONG IN HOT CARS! IT'S SMARTER TO
KEEP SWITCHING!

WE'RE ON THE TRAIL
AGAIN, BABY! THE COPS
WILL CHASE US ALL THE
WAY ACROSS THE
COUNTRY!

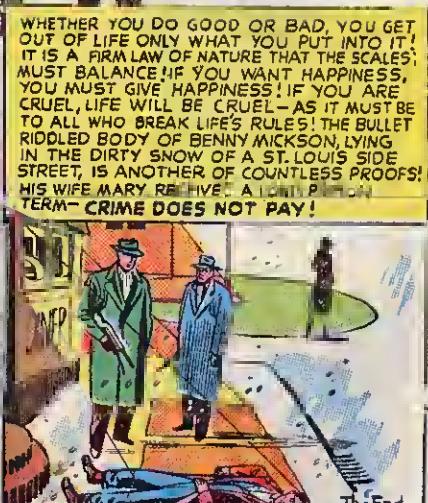
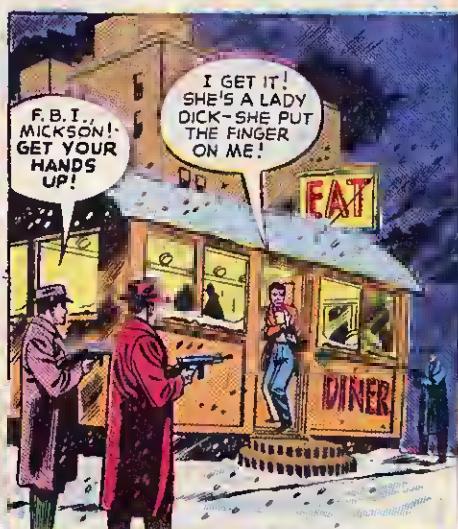
YOU WON'T LET THEM
CATCH US, BENNY,
YOU'RE TOO SMART!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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THEIR CRIMES, CAREERS
AND DEATHS!

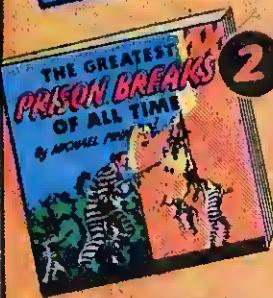


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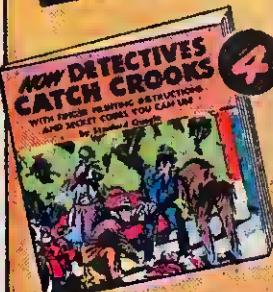
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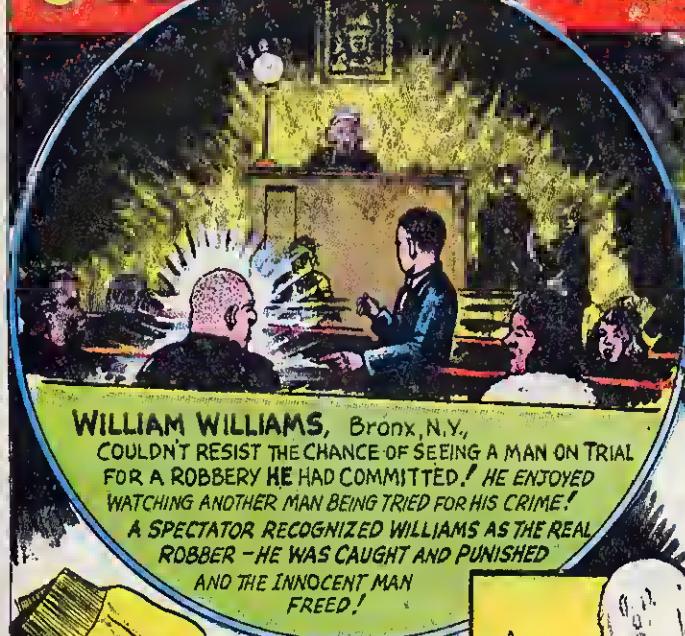
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Please print clearly—use pencil

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE LEVEL

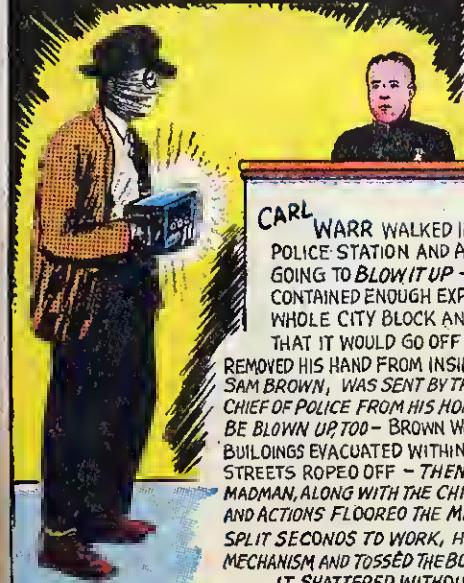
by C.H. MOORE



WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Bronx, N.Y., COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE OF SEEING A MAN ON TRIAL FOR A ROBBERY HE HAD COMMITTED! HE ENJOYED WATCHING ANOTHER MAN BEING TRIED FOR HIS CRIME! A SPECTATOR RECOGNIZED WILLIAMS AS THE REAL ROBBER - HE WAS CAUGHT AND PUNISHED AND THE INNOCENT MAN FREED!



YELLOW GLOVES WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DOWNFALL OF **JOE KING**! HE HELD UP A TAXI DRIVER - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER A DETECTIVE BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF A MAN WEARING YELLOW GLOVES - TOOK HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING AND FOUND THE TAXI DRIVER'S WATCH ON HIM! HE SHOWED HIS TRUE COLOR ONCE TOO OFTEN!



CARL WARR WALKED INTO THE LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION AND ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS GOING TO **BLOW IT UP** - HE HELD A BOX THAT CONTAINED ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO DESTROY A WHOLE CITY BLOCK AND FIXED IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT WOULD GO OFF IN 10 SECONDS AFTER HE REMOVED HIS HAND FROM INSIDE THE BOX - A DETECTIVE, SAM BROWN, WAS SENT BY THE MADMAN TO GET THE CHIEF OF POLICE FROM HIS HOME, SO THAT HE COULD BE BLOWN UP, TOO - BROWN WORKED FAST - HAD ALL BUILDINGS EVACUATED WITHIN THREE BLOCKS AND THE STREETS ROPEO'D OFF - THEN HE WENT BACK TO THE MADMAN, ALONG WITH THE CHIEF - HIS QUICK THINKING AND ACTIONS FLOORED THE MADMAN AND WITH ONLY SPLIT SECONDS TO WORK, HE SMASHED THE FUSE MECHANISM AND TOSSED THE BOX TO THE STREET! IT SHATTERED WITHOUT EXPLODING!

A GHOST WAS ALLOWED TO TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER IN Scotland (June 10, 1754)

A FRIEND OF THE MURDERED MAN SWORE THAT THE VICTIM'S GHOST CAME TO HIM AND REVEALED THE NAME OF THE MURDERER!

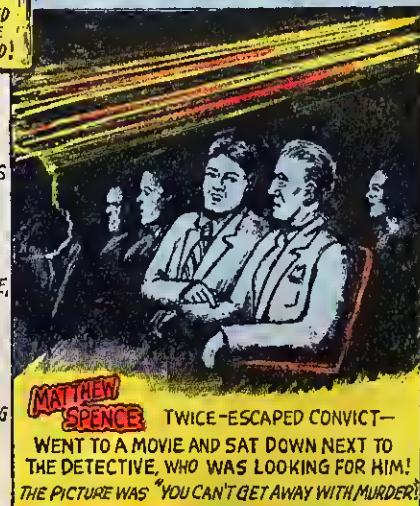
THE JUDGE ALLOWED THE TESTIMONY OF THE GHOST TO GO ON RECORD!



RED MULLINS - AN ESCAPED CONVICT, WAS CAUGHT IN HOUSTON, TEXAS WHILE COMMITTING A ROBBERY! HE WAS SENTENCED TO 176 YEARS!

A CONVICT WORKING IN THE PRISON TAILOR SHOP SAVED HUNDREDS OF NEEDLES, WHICH HE FASTENED TO A STICK, TO FILE HIS WAY THROUGH THE BARS OF HIS CELL - HE GOT OUT AND RIGHT BACK IN AGAIN!

C.H. MOORE



MATTHEW SPENCE, TWICE-ESCAPED CONVICT - WENT TO A MOVIE AND SAT DOWN NEXT TO THE DETECTIVE, WHO WAS LOOKING FOR HIM! THE PICTURE WAS "YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHO DUNNIT?

TEST YOUR
WITS! HOW GOOD
A DETECTIVE
ARE YOU?

INSPECTOR ALENOFF
OF THE SOFIA POLICE

PAUL
GOULONOV,
HANDSOME
FORTUNE
HUNTER

STEFFY MILANOFF,
TORMENTED WITH
JEALOUSY AND
HATRED

CONDUCTOR
PRUBOSHOFF,
HE NEEDED
MONEY

EX-CONVICT
RUDOV,
THE SLICKEST
JEWEL THIEF IN
BULGARIA

MADAME
MILANOFF,
THE MERRY
WIDOW

THE SOFIA EXPRESS GETS A DEADLY HIGHBALL! AS IT GATHERS SPEED OUT OF THE SOFIA FREIGHT YARDS, ONE PASSENGER IS MARKED FOR DEATH! ANOTHER IS MARKEO WITH THE BRAND OF CAIN...MURDERER! INSPECTOR ALENOFF OF THE SOFIA POLICE MANAGED TO SPOT THE KILLER WITHIN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES! CAN YOU MATCH THE TIME-TABLE ACCURACY OF THIS FAMOUS SLEUTH? CAN YOU GUESS WHO DUNNIT?

drawn by
FRED GUARDINEER

THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 5TH, 1936, IN AN EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN SOFIA, BULGARIA...

BUT, PAUL, I
HAVE A GROWN
DAUGHTER WHO
IS OLD ENOUGH
TO MARRY
YOU!

BUT NOT AS
BEAUTIFUL AND
CLEVER AS HER
MOTHER! SAY,
YOU WILL
MARRY ME,
SONIA!

SO THIS IS
PAUL'S BUSINESS
APPOINTMENT—A
RENDEZVOUS
WITH MY OWN
MOTHER! OR,
HOW COULD
SHE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MOTHER? ISN'T IT ENOUGH
TO BE THE MERRY WIDOW
OF SOFIA, AND THE
DARLING OF THE PLAY-
BOYS? MUST YOU TRY
TO STEAL MY
FIANCÉE AS WELL?
OH, I HATE YOU!

STEFFY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE? PAUL,
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN—
ARE YOU MY
DAUGHTER'S
FIANCÉE?

WELL...
ER... THERE
MUST BE
SOME
MISTAKE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU BET THERE'S A MISTAKE! YOU MADE IT-OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN SKUNKS, YOU'RE IT! SO YOU HAD TO CANCEL OUR APPOINTMENT BECAUSE YOU WERE HARD AT WORK! HARD AT WORK TWO-TIME-ING ME WITH MY OWN MOTHER! HERE'S YOUR RING, YOU FORTUNE HUNTER, YOU!

AS FOR YOU, MOTHER- ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD TO WATCH MEN BUZZ AROUND YOU LIKE FLIES! I THINK I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KILL YOU AND YOUR INFERNAL BEAUTY!

STEFFY, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN! YOU'RE UPSET! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING OR SAYING! DON'T BE FOOLISH!

ALL RIGHT, BUT FROM NOW ON, I'M ON MY OWN! I NEVER WANT TO SEE EITHER OF YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SONIA, I KNOW HOW BAD THIS LOOKS, BUT IF YOU'D LET ME EXPLAIN...

DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME, YOU CONTEMPTIBLE WRETCH! YOU DARED TO PROPOSE MARRIAGE TO ME, KNOWING FULL WELL YOU WERE ENGAGED TO MY DAUGHTER!



IN A WAY I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR TONIGHT, BECAUSE IT SAVED STEFFY FROM A MISERABLE LIFE WITH A FORTUNE HUNTER LIKE YOU!

I'M GOING BACK TONIGHT TO MY HOUSE IN VAKAREL! IF YOU EVER COME NEAR EITHER MY DAUGHTER OR MYSELF, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE EXPOSED TO THE WORLD!

EVERYTHING IS LOST WITH THE MERRY WIDOW! MY ONE CHANCE IS TO RECOVER THE DAUGHTER! THAT STEFFY IS SO UGLY, I'M SURE I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER OFFERED HER LOVE!

ONE TICKET TO VAKAREL, PLEASE!

WHAT TIME DOES THE TRAIN LEAVE FOR VAKAREL?



WHAT BEAUTIFUL GEMS! BEG PARDON, MADAME! YOU SHOULD NEVER WEAR SO MUCH JEWELRY, WITHOUT A BODYGUARD! YOU'RE A TEMPTATION TO EVERY BURGLAR!

ONLY BURGLARS! HOW UNFORTUNATE! I PREFER TO BE A TEMPTATION TO EVERY MAN!

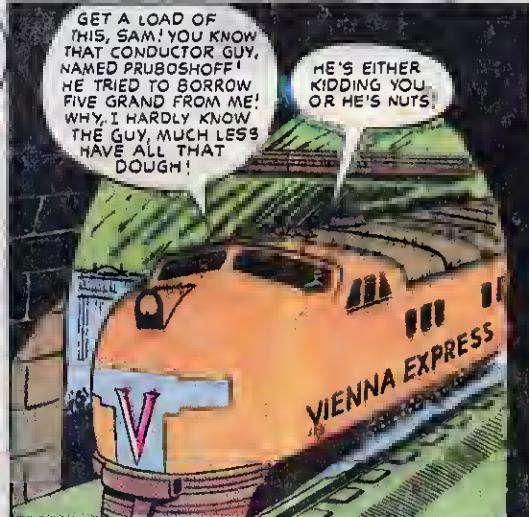
YOU ARE, MADAM! YOUR BEAUTY OUT-DAZZLES YOUR FINEST JEWELS! BUT WHEN A NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF LIKE GEORGE RUDOV BOARDS THE SAME TRAIN, IT ISN'T TO ADMIRE YOUR BEAUTY-EH, RUDOV?

WHY-ER-HELLO- INSPECTOR! I DIDN'T THINK I'D FIND YOU HERE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



A M A Z I N G ! N E W !

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!
LIGHTS MAGICALLY!

WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank MAGICALLY LIGHT UP just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.



1. Push plunger
all the way in.



2. Place coin in
slot provided.



3. Push plunger
all the way in.



4. Watch it
magically light up!

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order NOW.



IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted



only
\$169

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO.,
Chicago, Ill. 429 West Superior St. Dept. NF

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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Address _____

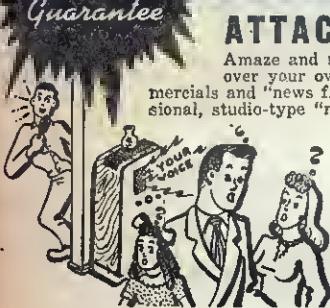
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Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen
(24 sides)



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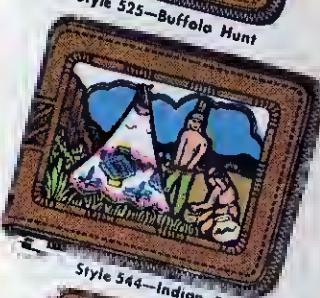
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